

Candy Coated Teeth

DEVON


+

ELEANOR W.



this
is
the
Zine

that
goes
with
the
tape.

Hi. This is devon + Eleanor. (We're on the phone.) This is the zine that goes  with our split tape. It was originally intended to be a lyric booklet but Eleanor wrote some extra nice stuff in here to make it more fun. Louisa Lucky ~~was~~ suggested that we do a split together so it was kind of like a blind date. But the reason the tape works out nicely is cuz we're friends + we talk abt it + how it works and so the energy is nice + it comes together in a solid way. Mmm hot-t-t. So have fun with it + write to us cuz we'd ♡ it. Also note EI's beautiful art. Ok.

love,
Eleanor W.
+
devon

Recording!!

This was recorded on my Mom's old boom box we gave her for her birthday way back in the 80's. It seems to pick up the vocals well, but slightly distorts the guitar for an interesting effect. I get very stressed when I record. My palms sweat and my voice cracks. Good thing I don't have a 4 track yet, or else I'd really have a high stress level. My voice came out lower than it usually does, but I was finally happy with the guitar parts and at a certain point you have to just give up on perfectionism. Louisa gave me some great encouragement/advice, "Perfectionism sux and who cares if your voice cracks or you mess up, it's the soul that matters, this is D.I.Y. baby!"

OCTOPUS HEAD... Another one of Eleanor's crazy schemes... named after an intelligent comment I made to someone last summer that "I had an Octopus on my Head!" (because of a ~~ka~~ barette I was wearing), this is my small distro and cassette label. I have two releases, The Jane Austen All Purpose Dolls, "Let's Go Shopping and talk on the phone!" a tongue in cheek pop journey featuring me on drums and some vocals, plus some nice acoustic tracks. The other is ~~a~~ Digging for Lizards, "One Take Art", made by me and 3 others in one night, experimental and crazy, songs about movies, ~~moos~~, surfing and rockstardom, it's a crazy xclassic! They both are, actually.... Plus I have zines: my own, Random, an art/lit/opinion zine, featuring my comic SUPERHEROS IN THE BIG CITY, and Indulgence, my personal zine with ramblings, comics and observations galore! I am making t-shirts, featuring my comic characters and fun politicalslogans! For more info, to order, etc. write to: Eleanor Whitney, 532 Elmwood rd, Pownal, ME 04069. Tapes are 3\$ and zines are 1\$ or 3 stamps. Send a stamp for a complete catalog. Thanx!!! oxoxo, El

Pass the Buck sells **Octopus Head's**
Stationary!! selling Devon Station
+00!

Stamps made
by devon *



my songs were recorded on a hand held
x voice recorder with this neat thing
i set up so it was balanced on the shelf
and if i sit up really straight on my
bed you can hear me. me and el are a
kickass pair to do a split cuz our
music + the way we play it is way diff-
erent which makes us more fun, i think
we would love mail ~~XXXXXX~~ and
your love letter would be welcomed at
either PTB or Octopus Head, so by all
means send us something. ok. ~~th~~
love,
dee

p.s. there is a rumor that i might
do just a me tape. keep watch.

I ramble about how I came to play the guitar...

by Eleanor

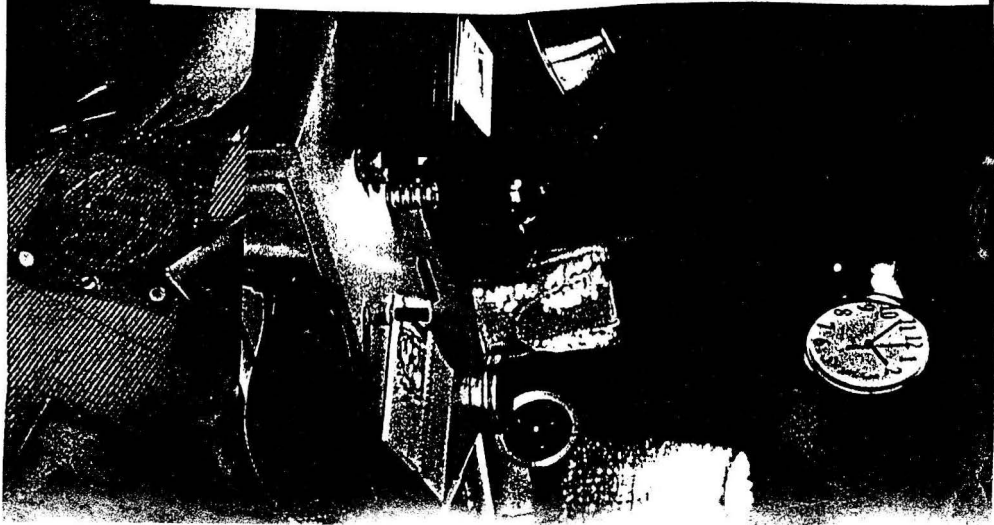
I thought I was stringed instrument impaired. Compared to the piano and clarinet I was used to playing, I was convinced they would make no sense and be next to impossible. But after countless hours of watching my friends play their guitars and wishing, wishing I could do that, I took the plunge. My friend Ryan had an acoustic he had since cast off when he got a better one, so I asked him, "You know that guitar you used to play that everyone made fun of you for having? Can I borrow it?"

So I left his house that cold, clear February night armed with the crappy acoustic and the "Complete Guitarist book". I had eschewed my mothers offer of lessons, figuring that would make playing into an obligation, and decided to teach myself. I began banging out chords and trying to comprehend what I was doing. Learning the names of the strings was hard (even though I'd played piano a bunch) but the phrase Every Acid Dealer Gets Busted Eventually has helped a lot. The first chord I learned was E minor, then E, D, A and G. I got frustrated because I would try to sing at the same time and both my voice and my playing sounded like crap. I'd never really sung before (ok, 2 months of voice lessons in 5th grade doesn't count) or played the guitar, so this is understandable. I kept at it, learning open and bar chords, and some pentatonic scales. I asked everyone I knew who played guitar for any advice they could give and picked up bits and pieces of theory that way. After several months of this my parents presented me with my very own acoustic for my 17th birthday and since then I've been unstoppable. However, since the very beginning I've been convinced, just because I have an acoustic doesn't mean I can't be loud and aggressive.

At first I banged out a lot of early Cub songs because they have easy chord changes and are in my vocal range. I "practice" singing in the car (I drive a lot) by putting in various favorite tapes and belting out the words along with them. Actually, it helps a lot. I've picked up a lot of ideas from listening to music too. I will sometimes like a snippet of melody which will influence a song, or a part of a song. I can go through my songs and say, "Oh I got the idea for that one listening to the Spinnanes, or I was trying to sing like Lois on that one, for the bridge on that one I try to shout like Kim Gordon, etc."

What inspired me to record my songs was listening to Nicole's tape "54321". It made me think, "Hey, yea, this sounds like the kind of songs I do! I'm not alone! I can do this too!" So out came the boom box, precariously balanced on a stool at the end of my bed as I sat on the bed and played. I has the stretch to reach the "record" and "play" buttons, and I hoped my phone didn't ring or my dogs didn't bark while I was recording.

I still get really nervous playing and singing in front of people. My palms sweat and my hands shake and my voice trembles. Sometimes my voice develops a terrible little squeak and it's hard to work out of that. This happens to a lesser extent when I'm recording, which is funny. But hey. it's still all new and I have plenty of time to keep developing confidence and skill.



"I want to buy her a guitar..."

-Tsunami

Further ramblings about guitars and the like by Eleanor....

You can get lost in playing the guitar, idly strumming, messing around, occasionally playing a coherent song, having lots of fun, all but oblivious to the world around you or who may be listening. This is all fine and good for playing in your room, but when playing at a more social kind of occasion can alienate the guitarless listeners.

I have been on the outside countless times, wishing I could play, wishing I could be included in that small group of musicians happily strumming in the center of the room. Even when I finally learned how to play the guitar it took a few months before I'd bring it to any kind of social "happening" and even longer before I'd take it out and perhaps play (this is still the stage I'm at now). I am still too uncomfortable with my playing to be able to slip into "guitar land" at social occasions, however this has its advantages. I still know what it's like to be on the "outside", because in a way I'm still there, or recently departed. I notice people, especially girls, listening on the outskirts, with that "I wish I could play" look on their face.

At my birthday party as my friend Jandra and I were giving our guitar-guy friends a run for their money with our version of Liz Phair's "Fuck and Run" I noticed my friend Liz looking uncomfortable and a bit wistful. I knew that look. Once we were done the song I asked her if she would like to learn a few chords. I watched her take up the guitar, shy, awkward, excited, scared, just like I had done the first time someone showed me some chords. "Ok, this is really not that hard." I told her, and showed her E minor, G, A, E, and D. I watched her fumble with the strings and having trouble pushing them down hard enough. I still do that sometimes, the feeling was so familiar.

I do this, not because I want to be some kind of guitar hero, but because music should not be exclusive. Because "guitar land" is not for the specially gifted and talented, but for everyone. Because to me, knowing how to play the guitar, although not well, is a boost of confidence. It takes courage to get it out and play with people around, but it's something I want to do.

the today song

today you felt it
shakes me up
it's done
but these songs still come



these words are strcky
hung up strung out
inside

something for one day but still I

OLD

do you hear it coming
fill me up
it's soft

you already surround me anyway

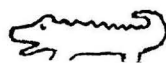
NEW



you want the song to do the trick • a secret
eye look and it's fixed • this song is old
and it ran out • before i even wrote it
down • every second that you spend •
wondering what is in their head • could
be used to make amends • no one severed
the connection • make words again

old = way old like june/july?

new = recently, hmm... like
december?



* : tool box :

Toolbox is on the top shelf. It's been there since quarter to twelve. can't get it down all by myself. • you sat alone with the clock. to see if it still worked when the light was off. still undoing the damage that caused. to no one but you?

all you want is to be asked • questions, maybe an interested laugh • threw a ball + it bounced right back • and you were surprised? • a cyclone of perpetuation. where nobody talks • nobody says

Tender, sweep it under the rug • smile, give someone else a hug • you think you got yr tools in line • you think you know who deserves your time • with the quiet that gets you, the doubt that you breathe • what makes you think that you'd know what you need?

Lyrics W2W2W2W2W2W

note: the stuff in quotes in this song is me mocking somebody. (woops) not me.

☆ Yr logic ☆

you said yr never coming here b/c of me. "the world's so big and I'm so small + everyone's smarter than me!". I like space things and dinosaurs, betcha didn't even know it. I will go to the moon while you write the oldest song on the planet. yr accountability is lost. "Oh my god I live in a bubble!". When you give yrself permission to be brainwashed. you set a LAME example. pass it on pass it on. little eyes are watching you. roll yr sleeves pass the baton. it's all on you it's all on you. cut yrself down to size. "I never was too wise". Refine, limit, sort. then complain that yr too short. do what you gotta do, ya know, be half-assed abt yr stances. take a neutral point of view + never face the consequences. stay where you are you know where you are. a cozy place in the scam decide you only go so far "But-but that's just how I am!!"

Hi. I wanted to put some- where that this is not the best-written song, but the point still stands: it's a personal song, not my statement saying here's what ~~somebody's~~ somebody's like but I'm not. It does not apply everywhere. There are some lyrics that aren't written that I just put in the song. They're kinda the funnest ones, too. + yes, then do include.

Crazy Girl, Girl Crazy

This is about a crush I've had, on and off, for the past year or so. I know better then to like this girl, but I do it anyway. I also get really hyper and chatterboxish when I'm uncomfortable, so you can imagine how I act around her. The guitar part on the verses was inspired by Nicole!

Crazy Girl, Girl Crazy

Driving home, late again,
didn't realize it's half past ten
quarter moon over head
made an idiot of myself again
Yea I know, I talk too much,
yea I'm sorry I never shut up
I feel uncomfortable around you
because your so darn cute

Chorus: And I wish you weren't with that guy

*and I wish you'd give me a try
I'll write obnoxious letters to you
I know better, what else can I do?*

Thanks for telling me I'm cute,
that was really nice

I'm just afraid this friendship has a price
like my dignity and self respect
Sometimes you act like you're not
that's something I forgot
this fact threatens me
so I act like I'm 13

Chorus

So I'm a dork, laugh at me
So I'm a dork, fine with me
So I'm a dork, at least I stand out
So I'm a dork, filled with doubt
Yes I act like a little kid,
but I won't bring up what you did
How is it, though I'm older then you
You make me speechless, so confused
When uncomfortable I talk to loud,
act hyper, not too proud
That's what you do to me
but around you is where I want to be

Chorus



Not Good Enough

Feeling inadequate to another in terms of guitar playing, and the another just happens to be a significant other. The relationship is going no where, there are feelings of jealousy and hurting each other all around, but neither can quite let it go. That's me, that's my relationship.

Not Good Enough

You said you can't live without me
but I have news for you, wait and see,
You keep coming back, insisting I'm pretty
and wanting to know the meaning of my poetry
Chorus: And I know I'll never be as good as you,
the sad thing is, I don't want to try
and I know you have no respect for me
But I just want to play, so let me be
Seems oddly applicable I'm listening to your tape now
I want to be the girl that you're singing to
Why can't I see that you're bad for me
Why can't I be on my own, fine all alone?
Chorus
And you think that the songs I write are stupid
and you think that my music is dumb
I wish you understood how conflicted I am
but you refuse and choose to cut me down instead



Teen Angst Avenger

I tend to steer away from angst and try not to wallow or indulge in it. However, I am a teen and tend to dwell in confusion and just don't want to be bothered. I was trying to sound like Slant 6 when I wrote the guitar part... I'm not sure it worked.

Teen Angst Avenger

Fuck you get out of my way
Don't have a thing to say
Don't ask me to do anything
too lazy to do it anyway

Now I'd have to say confusion reigns!

Can't think straight
you want to see me
hey, great

Can't make a decision about you
And I have too much to do

Now I'd have to say apathy wins!

Wish you'd all go away
have a nice day
Yes, I know I'm a teen
So just let me be!

Now I'd have to say get rid of this angst!



Fuck
You all

Candy Store War

The guitar part on this song was inspired by the Spinnanes. It's about a subtly abusive relationship, realizing it, and mustering the courage to get out.

Candy Store War

You bought me candy
I ate it cause I don't eat enough
but but buying me it
is your excuse for treating me rough

I say "Please stop, I love you"
but my voice is so weak, I don't know what to do
Sometimes I'm afraid
to speak around you

Chorus: Better watch out
gonna fight back soon
with words and speech
under a bloody moon

You insist I need to change
Insist I've done nothing for you
You say while you buy me sweets
I just sit here, giving you grief
Yea well I'm sick of sitting here
with candy coated teeth

be seen, not heard,
that's your belief
Chorus

I'm so tired
of this - of
being cut down
and degraded
from all sides.
It's scary,
but I can do
it!

This song is a start,
jumping off point to being strong
on MY OWN. Learning, changing, growing,
Painful - but not as painful as
staying here.

★ yay yay ★

this zine/tape
was finished
on january 11th
1999



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